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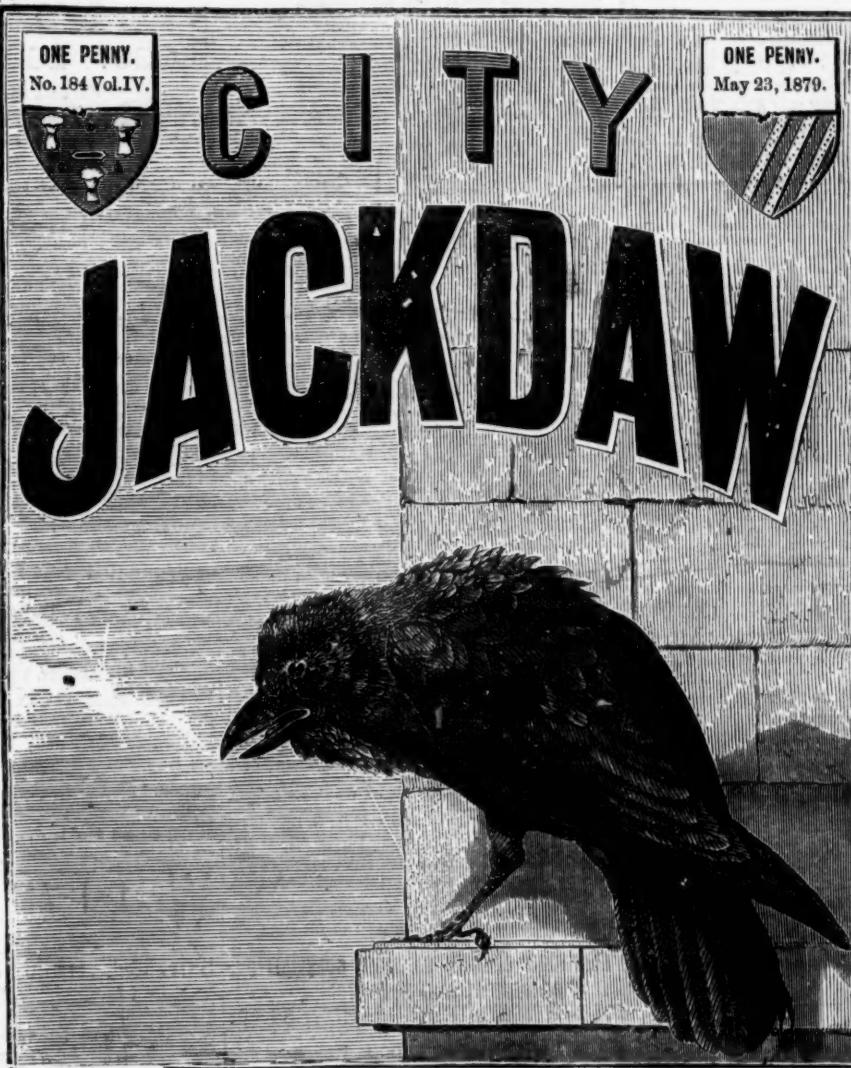
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 184.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

TOWN HALL SILHOUETTES.

MR. COUNCILLOR JOSEPH THOMPSON.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE lightest Sunday reading permitted to the writer of these presents, when a boy, was monthly periodical, which may even now exist, called the *Evangelical Magazine*. In the earlier portion of the day of rest—so called—we took a pull at the Old Testament and the Israelites, whose warriors, aiming generally at the hips and thighs of their enemies, always gave one the impression of fighting unfairly, as hitting below the belt. In the afternoon came on the magazine reading, and in the evening a cut off one of the Evangelists completed these exercises—inspiriting or dispiriting, according to the mood in which you might take them. The *Evangelical Magazine* generally had the portrait of some minister for its frontispiece, and a short biographical notice of the reverend gentleman; which notices always seemed to us very much alike, inasmuch as the reverend gentlemen had all been struck with a sense of sin very early, had donned their armour at Homerton, under Dr. Pye Smith, and had since that period been preventing Satan from removing those accoutrements.

All this has occurred to us in thinking of Mr. Joseph Thompson—Councillor for the ward of Ardwick, and the next candidate for an alderman's gown. Why it should so have occurred we can scarcely explain, except from the knowledge of some of Mr. Thompson's antecedents; for his ancestors were evangelical, even puritan, and upon him, as upon others, the same incidents and environments may have produced (we do not say they have) the same impression. The atmosphere about his cradle was a religious atmosphere, and the sentiment thereof has survived all the intermediate chances and changes of this wicked world; whilst departed parents have best been honoured by the dear remembrances and practice of their simple faith in things unseen. Who shall say in how many souls not usually credited with the melting mood, the old precepts of those dry old Sabbath days have kept a little lamp burning which can only expire with that of life itself?

There are several Josephs at the Town Hall; we don't mean typical Josephs, jealous of the reputation of Potiphar, but simple baptismal Josephs. The gentleman with whom we are now dealing is usually referred to as "Joe." What will Joe Thompson do—how will he vote? is the question occasionally echoing along the corridors of the Town Hall. The curtailment of the Christian name of Mr. Thompson by his colleagues is not intended so much as a term of familiarity—though the Council occasionally takes liberties with individuals—as one of endearment. Mr. Thompson has gone in and out amongst them so long that he may be regarded as of the Town Hall stock-in-trade. He has ancestral memories to fall back upon, for his father was a Councillor before him. Then as respects the New Town-Hall, he may be looked upon as almost of the corps of the building. Mr. Thompson has taken the fine arts under his ample wing, and has sometimes been so emphatic in his advocacy that jealous coadjutors have been heard to remark that "Joe" did as if no one had ever been in Belgium except himself. Whether the knowledge of Mr. Thompson on these aesthetic matters is as wide and deep as the Zuyder Zee, or has been read up to for the occasion and as a means of striking terror into Councillors of less research, we have no means of knowing. But terror has not been struck, and is never to be struck by such means. The Council in itself may contain sharp men and dolts—wary men and unwar—fat and lean men, as we know; but when—leaving the individual—you roll the Council into one general amalgam that man must rise earlier than the dew-drops who desires to take it in. The Council laughs at innocent shams—it hates and despises shams of an august, robuster conformation.

But Mr. Thompson is too much of a gentleman deliberately to angle for a reputation which he has not fairly earned, and we attribute, therefore, the sometime criticisms of his colleagues to perhaps a little pardonable envy. He has had the inestimable advantage of an early and useful and ample educational training, and his excellent library is not regarded as ornamental furniture simply. Through the pleasant avenues of his books he can stroll as amongst familiars. He delights in good books, which have never, so far withdrawn him into an intellectual Empyrean as to prevent his maintaining the same friendly attitude to good dinners, for the due discussion and digestion of which Nature has not illiberally endowed him. We feel in regarding him—"As much Owens College or Liberation Society, or Congregational Union, or bench of Justices—as you like, but let us eat and drink, *et cetera*."

Mr. Thompson, as a speaker, is thoroughly and always natural and business-like. No one can complain that he overloads his sentences with ornament, or drags in his stores of information by the head and shoulders for showing-off purposes. He very often, indeed, commences his remarks in a dreamy fashion, as if either he were thinking of something else, or as if, in fox hunting parlance, it were very heavy going and he were hoping for a stretch of grass for a longer stride. On these occasions his beard sticks out and his hair sticks up as though he had slept in a hay loft the previous night, which he would be quite incapable, except on compulsion of doing, as he is thoroughly domestic in his habits, and devoted to home life.

As chairman of the Finance Committee, which may be called the central fire of the Corporation, he has to keep that fire well poked and trimmed, after the fashion of his predecessor, who, in many respects, it will be difficult to follow. But Mr. Thompson has a stout heart in a stout body, and when the alderman's gown shall be donned by him, we wish him good health for its wear and tear; and even further onwards to the still more ornamental plumage of the chief magistracy. Patience!

BEER AND THE BIBLE AT BARNSLEY.

OMEWHERE in the south of the West Riding of Yorkshire is a place which somebody, at some remote period, christened Barnsley, and which has by some means won for itself the notoriety of being "bleak," or "black," and the well-founded reputation of producing you a finer and a better cooked chop than you can obtain at any other place in the kingdom. For the latter reason, among others, the *Jackdaw* has always regarded the metropolis of coal with special favour. But what means the new revelation which has been given to the Conservative party there? In a sluggish and imperfect way they have inherited the spirit of Charles Kingsley, and are going in strong for muscular Christianity. A Barnsley correspondent has favoured us with the following—"Barnsley Working Men's Conservative Association is bestirring itself in anticipation of the coming general election. A Bible class has been formed; a cricket club has been established; and a number of convivial gatherings—the first of which is fixed for Tuesday next—are being arranged to be held at various public-houses in the town." This extraordinary piece of news will, no doubt, fall like a bombshell among the Liberal electors of Barnsley. The situation is, indeed, serious, albeit somewhat amusing. Fancy going in for cricket in an afternoon, indulging in several mild refreshers afterwards, and in the evening having to study such a text as "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging." After all the secret lies in a nutshell. Conservatism is in such a bad way that nothing less than the strongest specifics can keep it on its legs. And yet cricket should remind the poorly that they are certain to be "bowled out," and must drown their sorrow in the flowing bowl. As for the serious members, they may well study the Scriptures, for they will shortly require a very large amount of Christian resignation.

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactury, Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. Id. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

LADIES, BEWARE OF THE FRENCHMEN.

THE *Daily News* last week published a letter signed by Ada M. Leigh, president of the Mission Homes, Paris, in which attention is forcibly drawn to the supposed legal marriages of young Frenchmen with English girls in England. Such marriages are legally binding so long as the parties remain in this country or under British protection, but the legality of the contract ceases to be recognised when they come under the French Government. A wife in England is not a wife if the parties take up their residence in France, and if her supposed husband is a scoundrel he may, under the amiable pretence of a summer excursion to Paris, throw off all legal ties which bind man and wife together, and the desertion is at once as complete as it is heartless. Unhappily this is not merely a possible case, but an actual recapitulation of a frequent occurrence. Here is a true story:—

"A young Frenchman, giving the age of 22, marries an English girl, two years his junior, in London, three years ago. They have two little children; when the husband's father comes from Paris, apparently not having heard of the marriage, but acknowledges his son's wife and their little ones, remaining at their house, and his daughter sends her new sister-in-law a present. The son in his turn visits his parents in Paris, and writes of their making arrangements all to live together. Instead of his promised return comes a telegram, only to be followed by chilling disappointment, which the wife patiently bears. Hearing nothing, she fears he must be ill, starts for Paris with her children, presents herself at the house of her father-in-law, coolly to be told by him that his son is not her husband, and she cannot see him. Her pleading that his children may at least see him is cruelly answered by his sending for a 'Commissaire de Police,' to remove her and her children from the door, and, with an almost sarcastic touch of humanity, to pay for their lodging one night. With two helpless babes, not speaking a word of the language, she is thrown in a city teeming with temptation. Perhaps the most touching part of all her story was the admission—'And I loved him, and do still.'"

From its peculiar nature this wrong is one not likely to obtrude itself on public notice in a search for redress. Instances of such sincere soubredom take place in a respectable family, and are toned down as best possible. Probably a belief that the so-called husband will relent and return induces quietness and patience, and we should be sorry to assert that these expectations are never fulfilled, or that fortitude and confidence are always vainly exercised. Having now spoken of the wives, something should be said of the children. For them, likewise, there is no legal redress in France, and while the father remains there he can alike refuse them sustenance and his name. They are, in the eyes of the French law, illegitimate. Failing wealthy and liberal friends, the next best thing for them is to obtain shelter within the walls of the English Orphanage, 85, Boulevard Bineau, which, by the way, ended last year with a deficiency of £235 in its accounts, and is now carried on under some financial difficulties. Thus we may have the spectacle of an English wife eking out a penury in a Parisian garret, and exposed to the temptations of the city in which she is a stranger, while her husband (for such he was in England) can live heedless alike of his wife in beggary and his children in the orphanage, being free to contract a fresh alliance when he can catch an heiress. It is to be feared that we have here too faithful a picture of the fate of many a true-hearted and sincere English girl, whose only error is that she has reposed confidence in the vows made to her without ensuring the validity of her marriage according to legal formalities she never dreamed of. All praise is due to M. Galignani, who founded the English Orphanage in Paris, and last year helped its failing funds by a contribution of £300. But the question for practical consideration is whether or no the use we have spoken of is a legitimate one for the orphanage to be applied to. The doors are humanely open to the defenceless and uncared-for; but ought not the law to be amended, so as to preclude the orphanage from becoming a receptacle of children whose one parent may be as well able as he is morally responsible to provide for them? The orphanage lacks support, and does not the law lack something, too? Is it not a reproach to Christianity that a Christian marriage in one country is no marriage at all in another country, also Christian, though that country is the nearest to our own and the thoughts of the two are often boasted of as harmonising?

As evidence of the misunderstanding which prevails on the state of the French law in its relation to the marriages of Frenchmen contracted abroad, a remarkable instance is given. A Frenchman of good social

standing returned to Paris accompanied by the wife he had married eighteen years before in England, having resided in this country during the whole period of his wedded life. Imagine his surprise on learning that the woman he had honourably married eighteen years before was not legally his wife according to the laws of his native land! He at once remarried her in France. But think what this singular French law of the present day involves when property is claimed, or when children find their claims resisted. While our English Houses of Parliament are debating various questions more or less affecting the marriage law, this one suggests itself as requiring the influence of their authority in a representation to the French Government for the removal of a gross injustice, which no legislature, presumably Christian, ought to admit of in its enactments.—*Co-operative News*.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

[BY OUR PRINTER'S DEVIL.]

LORD BEACONSFIELD at Downing Street sat in his chair of state, His noble brow was seamed and bent, with thoughts of England's fate, When he, the saviour of his land, should hence be called away, To receive the rich reward he'd earned in many a wordy fray.

He thought about the Turkish War, and how he checked the Russ From freeing the Bulgarian slaves, victims of Moslem lust; And he smiled a grim, sardonic smile, when the "Treaty of Berlin" Brought England "Peace with Honour," while the Russians got the "tin."

Like Macedonia's famous king, who'd conquered all the world, In east, in west, in north, in south, our banners are unfurled; What boots it if his fellow-men at home are wanting bread, He thinks of "England's honour," not the dying and the dead.

To India his erratic thoughts unbidden took their flight, And how he hurled 'gainst Afghan homes the whole of England's might, To "rectify the frontier!" and flout the Russian bear, He made his Queen an "Empress," and carried slaughter there.

"Like master is, the man would be," is an adage old and true, Which Lytton's proved in India and Bartle in Zulu. The great good heart of England is bursting nigh with pain, For the fatherless and widows, and the gallant soldiers slain.

Oh! Beaconsfield, we honour thee, thou man of glorious might, The foremost in the battle's press, the bravest in the fight, Accept our humble tribute to genius great and rare, And condescend our modest gift upon thy brow to wear.

What, ho, there! Turnerelli! come forward with thy wreath, And crown this great and noble man, for brief is mortal breath— Not paid for yet? What matters that? Say, why is it you stop? "We couldn't pay the jewellers, so they've got the wreath in pop!"

CLAIRVOYANCY ECLIPSED.

To judge from the following extraordinary information, culled from the *New York Tribune*, Clairvoyancy may now bide its diminished head, for it is evident that the "gifted" science of "seeing into the dark vista of the future," and "reading the thoughts of others," is completely eclipsed by a "man(iac) of God," who must be a much greater (at least in his own estimation) even than St. John the Baptist:—"A Lutheran clergyman, named Baltzy, asserts that heaven is square, and its dimensions are 946,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Each person who goes to heaven will have allotted to him or her a certain sized apartment, of which heaven contains 39,541,166,666,666,666,666, with a fraction of two-thirds of a room remaining." This wonderful "healer of souls" must be not only the greatest genius that ever illuminated mankind—or even angel-kind—but also the greatest "Babbage" of the age. It is a pity his friends don't enclose him in a glass case, for he must be a curiosity. Of course, to prevent him breaking the glass, they had better encircle his "heavenly" form in a jacket—a strait one. Mr. Baltzy certainly deserves this worship at the hands of his friends for attempting to portray the likeness and dimensions of that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller has ever yet returned, and the likeness of which is beyond the reaches of our souls. This extraordinary and maniacal assertion and calculation of Mr. Baltzy's must, perchance, puzzle any sane man's will. Perhaps the next information Mr. Baltzy will gratuitously present to the world at large, and the Yankees in particular, will be the dimensions of the royal palace of his satanic majesty, with whom he is no doubt intimate.

COSTUME AND DRAPERS' STANDS (MADE TO ORDER.) JOHN CHETHAM, General Wire Worker, REMOVED from 6. LONG MILLGATE, to 29, TIB STREET, MANCHESTER. (Repairs neatly executed.)

THE TALLYMAN'S VICTIM.

AFTER looking round, with a view of selecting one or other of my co-unfortunates with whom to enter into conversation, I went up to the big bricklayer and commenced acquaintance by opening my tobacco-pouch and offering the wherewithal to replenish the empty pipe he clutched in his left hand, as if it were some treasure he was guarding. I filled my own "dudheen," and after lighting up, asked him what machination of the evil one had caused his coming to such a place. A few whiffs of the weed, which was some very choice American "honeydew" that a friend, who knew my weakness in that line, had presented me with before I went to Wales, seemed to act as a charm on the man—who, I expect, never before smoked its like—and loosened both his tongue and his heart. He repeated all his case, and in doing so opened up quite a new experience of life to me. He had been arrested that afternoon and taken from his work, at some new buildings in course of construction, where he was employed in his trade of bricklayer. He complained of the people being very hard and sharp upon him. The debt was a tallyman's account for some articles of dress which had been almost forced upon his wife, to be paid for in small weekly instalments, which she had not regularly kept up. From his account the prices charged were something most exorbitant, and far beyond double the sum the articles could have been bought for at an ordinary shop. The tallymen go round to the working people's houses when the men are away at their work, and by showing their gaudy finery and plying their "soft sawder" induce the wives to make purchases under the temptation of easy weekly payments. So long as these are kept up all goes on well; and if the tempter finds money regularly forthcoming, he extends the credit and supplies more and more goods. At last, from some cause or other, lapses take place, and then the honeyed, persuasive words of the accommodating tallyman are changed for threats. The articles that are the subject of the debt and its incubus are taken to the pawnshop, where at once their comparative worthlessness is speedily discovered; at any rate, the difference between the price charged by Mr. Honeysweet and the sum advanced by Mr. Two-to-one shows an awful discrepancy. The little they realize goes to stop the creditor for one week. When next he calls, something else has to go to meet his demand; and in the end, when arrears accumulate, the tallyman takes his claim, with some scores more of the same sort, to the county court, and summonses are issued. These, in many cases, are never attended to; in fact, the wife, possibly anxious not to cause any quarrel with her husband, hides the threatening-looking paper away, or destroys it, saying nothing about it, in the hope that something may enable her to put off the evil in store. At last comes judgment; and execution is either put upon the goods and chattels of the family, or what is called a judgment summons issued, the result being the arrest of the breadwinner, as in the case of the big bricklayer, who, by way of improving matters, is taken from his work, locked up for some weeks, during which his wife and family either half starve on the proceeds of the few remnants of their furniture and clothes, or go on the parish, and the husband, on his release, returns to his work to find his place occupied by some other man, and has to look elsewhere for employment, with the liability of his old debts still hanging over his head, and the probability of having to go through the same thing all over again. It is not at all an uncommon thing for some of the keepers of tallyshops to have twenty and even fifty cases at a county court. Truly such men must be a curse to the families of working-men wherever they go.—"Whitecross on the Bench," in *Bentley*.

"EST IL POSSIBLE!"

THE London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews has received a telegraphic announcement of the death of Bishop Gobat, on Sunday last, at Jerusalem. The patronage of the bishopric rests alternately with the Queen of Great Britain and the King of Prussia, now Emperor of Germany. As Bishop Gobat was nominated by the late King of Prussia, the present vacancy must be filled by Her Majesty. So the crowning glory of our British dictator, the descendant of a hundred Hebrew chieftains, as Her Majesty's chief adviser, will be the nomination of a Bishop of Jerusalem! We should think that even the *erotic* ambition of a D'Israeli never soared so high! Why, the Premiership, the Earl's coronet, the Garter, even the wreath itself, are only trifles to this. A renegade Israelite giving to the "chosen people" a Christian Bishop whose ministrations shall proceed from the hill of Zion, is an event without parallel in the world's history.

THE GOLDEN WREATH.

SHALL we never hear the last of this *pseudo-national* humbug? As an instance of how far the practice of sorry duplicity can be carried, we re-print the following letter from a contemporary of Saturday last:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'EXAMINER AND TIMES.'

"Sir,—Just a word about the way that the pennies have been collected for the 'Peace with honour' wreath in the town of Oldham. At a certain church school in the more fashionable end of the town a scholars' party was held a short time ago, and, as usual, the children had been provided with coppers by their parents with which to indulge in the luxuries of sweets and oranges. But a young man who is making himself very prominent in Tory meetings had struck upon a brilliant idea, that of getting the children's pennies to swell the subscriptions to the working men's testimonial. He acted upon the idea, and was seen wheedling the young ones of their surplus cash in order to fill his subscription list with a good show of names. I wonder whether my Lord B. would wear it if he knew the means by which it has been procured.—Yours, JOHN SYMONDS.

"Oldham, May 16."

Alas! how many of the so-called workmen's pennies have been extracted in the same manner from the small pockets of workmen's children, those who collect them only know. This really shall not go on without a remonstrance from our own quill. If Mr. Tracy Turnerelli will send an accredited agent to the nest of the *City Jackdaw*, we will willingly save the little children's holiday pennies from further birds of prey, by paying the balance due to the goldsmiths ourselves, on condition that the following motto shall grace the trophy:—

"This wreath was partly subscribed for by a number of geese, partly by a greater number of small chickens, and partly by a knowing old kind-hearted bird, who made up the balance in order to stop the petty ravages of the sparrow-hawks."

A GREEN MARTYR: ANOTHER REPLY.

DEAR JACKDAW,—

As high you perch upon the Church
I'm not surprised at all,
Your bird's-eye view, things great and true,
Should render very small.

But while you air yourself up there
Our acts to criticise,
If we your caws refuse as laws
Need it arouse surprise?

Instead of perching on the Church
If you inside had strayed
You'd not have found, I'll dare be bound,
Church law once disobeyed.

'Tis said we bawl, while you, with Paul,
No doubt make peace your end:
Pray, tell me, who the gauntlet threw
On this occasion, friend?

To say we fix in candlesticks,
Or frequent fast in Lent,
Our trust, dear bird, is quite absurd—
For rhyme 'twas only meant.

Religious rant and hollow cant
We hate as much as you;
And, though we're blamed, are not ashamed
Of acting what is true.

I can't suppose the Sunday clothes,
Which weekly grace a pew,
Without a care for daily prayer,
Is aught but vile to you.

What says the bard, in his regard
Of ritual, worthy bird?
With sense astute, he bids you suit
The action to the word.

But let this cease—let there be peace—
And never more be seen
Engaged in sport of such a sort
As dancing on the Green.



TOWN HALL CARILLONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

At 3, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock.

Friday,	May 23.—"But Thou didst leave his soul," &c.
Saturday,	" 24.—Home, Sweet Home.
Sunday,	" 25.—Tallis's Evening Hymn.
Monday,	" 26.—The Rose of Allendale.
Tuesday,	" 27.—The Last Rose of Summer.
Wednesday,	" 28.—Jenny Jones.
Thursday,	" 29.—Blue Bells of Scotland.

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal, To-night.—*Proof*. By Mr. Wilson Barrett's Company.
 Prince's Theatre, "—*Carmen*. Miss Emily Soldene.
 " Monday.—*Genevieve de Brabant*.
 Queen's Theatre, To-night.—*John Bull*, and *Paul Pry*.
 Saturday.—*The Sole Survivor*, and *Paul Pry*.
 Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment. Ashcroft.
 " Monday.—Castoletti, the Ladder of Life.
 Alexandra Hall.—Variety Entertainment. Zulima.
 " Monday.—Sanyeah.
 People's Concert Hall.—Variety Entertainment.
 Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Jackdaw was in Nottingham the other day on a visit to its youthful scion—the Midland Jackdaw, whom it seriously exhorted to mend its ways. Quoth the latter, "If you will vouchsafe to dip your beak in the familiar pewter, take wing with me." Forthwith we adventured to the bar of the Royal Hotel. It is just the place in which the Manchester Anglers' Association would like to hold its meetings. Fourteen large tanks contain a varied collection of fresh water fish. Besides, there is always a pleasure in receiving your libations from an agreeable and sensible young lady.

IN other respects Nottingham is looking up. For instance, the local lessees of the Midland Railway refreshment-rooms announce that a cup of tea or coffee will, in future, be supplied in the first class room for threepence, and in the second class for twopence. Refreshment contractors, please copy.

NOTTINGHAM, however, is not perfect. Coffee Taverns, excellent in their way, can never compete with established interests unless they can offer more than a fair equivalent. Twopence for a cup of lukewarm and very weak tea or coffee cannot be considered a leading attraction. As for the sandwiches, the Jackdaw has pecked at one, and found it—well, very Mugby Junctionish.

NOTTINGHAM being noted for cricket it may be as well to remind the directors of the Café Company, that if they would be *Dast* in their business, they must turn over a new *Page*.

HERB JOACHIM went the other day into a hairdresser's to have his hair cut. "You really, sir, ought to allow me to take a little more off, if you do not wish to be taken for a fiddler," said the operator. What a barbarous joke.

THE Evening News gives us some "flowery language" at times. Here is what it said the other day:—"Colonel Barrett, 19th Regiment, the inventor of the new soldiers' equipment, has now brought out a new whistle, upon which all the Light Infantry calls can be sounded, and which is superior in other ways to the tin-like atrocity now in use."

In many cases of failure now-a-days, the persons failing are described as of "no business." Such persons have "no business" to fail, for if they have no business they might, at least, make it their business to look better and more honestly after their affairs, when bankruptcy, in their case, would be next to impossible.

AN officer in Zululand writes—"We had to bury a quantity of Zulns. One of the soldiers said, 'I have been a butcher and a tailor, but never did I expect to be the sexton of a lot of Christy Minstrels.'"

A RECENT verdict of a coroner's jury at an inquest at Tunbridge Wells, on the death of a child was—"The child was suffocated; but there is no evidence to show that the suffocation was before or after death." These "bulls" will over-run the country.

THE phraseology of gardeners is curious. In a recent pamphlet we are informed that "Mr. Disraeli" is "an elegant grower, and of most excellent habits." Lord Elcho is a "bold, fine sort, very suitable for exhibition," whilst the Prince Alfred is a "free sort, and must be well stopped when young." The ladies, too, often suffer from gardeners' nomenclature. One young lady—we suppress the name—is "inclined to strangle, and must be sharply pinched;" a celebrated actress is libellously spoken of as a "blotchy, pale-coloured sort;" and an eminent duchess, not certainly in her first youth, as "very robust, and of great substance." But at least the line should be drawn at flowers; when this license is extended to fruits, we find a celebrated lady (melon) described as "green flesh, tightly laced."

USE v. ORNAMENT.

HERE is an instance of the notable utility of one of our most prized institutions—the grand jury:—"At Winchester Assizes John Rickman Terry, a boatswain in the royal yacht "Enchantress," was convicted of receiving Government stores knowing them to have been stolen. Mr. Bullen, on behalf of the prisoner, informed his lordship that he had been in the service for twenty years, seventeen of which had been on foreign stations. He had served through the Ashantee war with distinction, and by his conviction he forfeited a pension of £150 a year. The learned judge, in sentencing the prisoner, said that he had been convicted on evidence which could leave no doubt as to his guilt. He had availed himself of his position in the service, which was one of trust, to rob the Government, or to do what was worse—to give to others the opportunity of disposing of property stolen by them. These sort of depredations existed to an enormous extent, and the receivers were more dangerous to the community than the thieves. He would endeavour to throw from his mind a circumstance connected with the case which had struck him with great astonishment—namely, that when the case came before the grand jury at the Portsmouth Borough Sessions they had ignored the Bill. How that came to pass he could not tell; he could only hope that it was in consequence of their not having had all the witnesses before them, and that it was not brought about by their feeling of commiseration for prisoner, or by any efforts of his. If it had not been for the prisoner's very high previous character, he should have sentenced him to penal servitude. In consideration of his character, which was one of which any man might be proud, he should only pass on him a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour." And the grand jury of the Portsmouth Borough Sessions actually threw out the Bill in the face of evidence which the Judge of Assize at Winchester declared "could leave no doubt as to his guilt." We should like to immortalise in the pages of the Jackdaw the names of those chosen individuals who shed such lustre upon the cherished institution of trial by jury.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PEDESTRIAN TOURIST.

In all Mr. Black's very amusing and deservedly popular work, "Strange Adventures of a Photon," there are no passages more diverting and palatable (to me, at least) than those wherein he holds up to ridicule the nonsensical bipeds usually found on the shores of a lake, or at the foot of a mountain, and who style themselves "tourists." These curious illustrations of Carlyle's theory of clothes bring into disrepute, or, at all events, into less honourable repute than it merits, the only intelligent and satisfactory way of studying the beauty of a lovely country, viz., that of walking through such country. The individuals in question only affect to do it. They hang about hotel doorways, and infest spots which have the misfortune to be fashionable, and obtrude their own impudent self-conceit and idle chatter at times and in places when a thoughtful mind is especially impressed with the majesty and grandeur of natural beauty, and the insignificance of man. I have rambled over hill and dale, by lake and river, and well remember with what scorn I and my chosen companions surveyed the faultless and spotless knickerbocker suits which, crowned by the visages of grinning gentility, gazed (possibly with equal scorn) upon our little party, as, with stick in hand, knapsack on back, the dust or the mud of the road on our garments, and the tan of the wind and sun on our cheeks, we tramped steadily on. How these inane respectabilities did stare, to be sure!—staring superciliously and dressing preposterously being, indeed, their distinguishing characteristics; and (plus the necessities of life, eating, drinking, and sleeping) apparently their only occupation.

"We" were tourists of a different order, and flattered ourselves that we and some few others like us alone preserved the ancient and rightful meaning of the term. Our equipments and general appearance, when on tramp, I have spoken of above. It only remains to add that we were four in number, all good walkers, and fair swimmers (excepting that one of our party swam only on his back, whereby he was, ultimately, involved in tribulation and most consumed ridicule), all enthusiastic lovers of the sublime and beautiful, all partial to a hand at whist, and all disposed to enjoy ourselves heartily, and yet to keep on "Cheapside."

We had two summer holidays together in 1873. We "did" part of Northern and Central Wales; and, in the following year, we similarly executed a great part of the English lake district. Our projected route in 1873 lay from Llangollen through Corwen, Bala, Dinas, and Dolgelly, to Barmouth. Thence, we proposed to strike north, via Harlech and Portmadoc, and so, round by Beddgelert, back to Llangollen. We did not, however, accomplish this "grand round," as the weather, very broken throughout, became, at last, too bad to fight against. We got over great part of the ground, however, and had many happy hours together. An account of some little of what we did and saw may prove amusing. I do not intend to inflict on my readers a continuous diary or journal of each day's work, but merely a series of detached pictures of occurrences and scenes which impressed my mind most strongly at the time, and of which I always think with interest or amusement now.

The afternoon of Saturday, the 16th of August, 1873, was dull and cloudy; but I don't think the Chester train ever carried a lighter-hearted party out of Victoria Station than ours was that afternoon. The departure of trains from Victoria Station is a matter ordinarily provocative rather of excitement than amusement. Your train may depart from any one of several platforms—till the last moment it is quite uncertain which; and, as there will probably be other trains apparently about to depart in various directions simultaneously with that of which you are in search, and as, moreover, the ordinary means of obtaining information by enquiry fail here—it being almost impossible to find an official either able or willing to assist you—all these things, I say, being so, the chances are that you get to your train with a rush, deafened by the scream of whistles and the roar of steam escapes, and surrounded by a distracted and tumultuary crowd of passengers through whom you have perforce to cleave your way. Such was our luck. We were comfortably seated, when we learnt that our train was just about starting from another platform! Out we sallied and forward we rushed; one of our party instantly plunging headlong over some portion of a lady's *impedimenta*, which was sprinkled over that part of the platform. I caught a momentary glimpse of a little sandy-whiskered man describing a very accurate parabola over a bandbox, which he appeared about to clasp as in a loving embrace. His Scotch cap continued and prolonged its master's forward flight; and his knapsack (whether anxious to follow the cap, or to take its place, I cannot say) hopped, like a bird, from his shoulders, and settled on the back of his head. And then

the swirling crowd closed around me, and I saw no more; but presently found myself seated, panting with hurry and with laughter, but in the proper train this time, and with all my companions beside me.

The gloom of the afternoon increased after leaving Manchester, and the rain fell heavily before we got to Chester. Between Chester and Llangollen the weather improved, and when at last we reached our destination the sun was shining brightly on the ancient bridge and the rapid river, and showing to the best advantage the healthfully-situated King's Head and Royal Hotel, where we stayed till Monday morning.

A piece of barbarity was, at that time, in course of perpetration in Llangollen. I do not know if it has since been carried further. The bridge over the Dee at Llangollen is an ancient structure with picturesque pointed arches. Some of these arches were in course of repair; and the Philistines who were entrusted with the "job" were acting in accordance with their instincts by altering the contour of the arches from pointed to round. Enough had already been done to ruin all the old bridge's beauty, but I trust that the remaining arch has been left in its original condition, to show what at all events the structure was before the nineteenth century improved it.

To be Continued.

THE IRISH ECLIPSE.

THE May number of *Scribner* contains the following exquisite piece of Irish humour, which is from the pen of Mr. Irwin Russell:—

In Watherford, wanst, lived Profissorr MacShane,
The foolest astronomer iver was sane;
For long before noight, with the science he knew,
Wheriver wan shtar was, sure he could see two

Quoite plain,
Could Profissorr MacShane.

More power to him! iv'ry claire noight as would pass,
He'd sit by the windy, a-shoving his glass;
A poke at the dipper, that plaised him the last,
But a punch in the milky way suited his taste,—

Small blame

To his sowl for that same!

Now wan toime in Watherford not long ago,
They had what the loike was not haard of, I know,
Since Erin was unher ould Brian Borrohime:
The sun was ayclipsed for three days at wan toime!

It's threue

As I tell it to you.

'Twas sunroise long ago, yet the sun never rose,
And iv'rywan axed, "What's the matter, God knows?"
The next day, and next, was the very same way;
The noight was so long it was lasting all day,

As black

As the coat on yer back.

The paiple wint hunting Profissorr MacShane,
To thry if he'd know what this wondher could mane;
He answered them back: "Is that so? Are ye there?
'Tis a lot of most iligant gommachs ye air,

To ax

For the plainest of facts!

"Ye're part of an impore, yez mustn't forget,
Upon which the sun's niver able to set;
Thin why will it give yer impore a suprise
If wanst, for a change, he refuses to roise?"

Siz he,

"That is aisy to see!"

A CURE FOR GOUT.

A WRITER in the *Augsburg Evening Gazette* says:—"I was lying in bed, suffering from a heavy attack of gout, accompanied with violent pains in my left foot, when I chanced to read in a newspaper an article describing how gout may be cured by the sting of bees. I at once determined to try the remedy, and soon contrived a small box by means of which a captured bee could be applied to the afflicted part. I then let my foot be stung by three bees in succession, each bee leaving his sting behind in my flesh. After a few minutes these stings were extracted: and when the pain caused by them had subsided I found that the gouty pain had also left me. On the same day I left my bed, and on the morrow was able to walk about. For some little time my foot was slightly inflamed, and I experienced some burning sensation; but in four or five days this left me, and I was completely recovered."

THE STOCKPORT TORIES AND EDUCATION.

LIBERALS will not need further proofs than history affords of the dislike to national education hereditary in the Tory party, but those men who call themselves "independent" will now have another opportunity of judging of the pretended regard for education so frequently and pompously put forth by Conservative speakers. In Lord Sandon's Education Amendment Act, Mr. Pell proposed the insertion of a clause empowering townships to voluntarily dissolve their School Boards under certain eventualities, which may be briefly summarised as being after the Board had become satisfied the township had sufficient school accommodation provided by the voluntary efforts of the inhabitants, in other words, whenever they should determine not to do any more as a body, they could profess there was nothing to do, and close their doors accordingly, after obtaining permission from the Education Department. This is practically a free translation of a clause for covert enemies of the Education Act. The duties of such lapsed Board being afterwards discharged by a committee of the Corporation. Now as any School Board, independent of the Corporation, has the power to draw money by "precept" from borough rates the Corporation having no power of refusal, it is quite clear that such Board is likely to fully carry out the purposes of its formation only when unshackled by allegiance to the corporate body. This feature has, all along, been a sore place with the Conservative party, for School Boards have uniformly charged less school money than the denominational schools in the same neighbourhoods, and the "Education Union" has spent hundreds of pounds to publish the tales of School Board extravagance and the woes of church schools, but, hereafter, we suppose, they will attempt to get a majority of their political friends on the School Boards, and immediately petition for a winding up order from the Education Department. This School Board business is a suitable appendix to the Rector's glebe land trial last week. The *Examiner* says:— "Major G. A. Fernley, President of the Conservative Association, has given notice of his intention to move at the next meeting of the Town Council:—

That this Council petition the Education Department for the dissolution of the School Board of this borough at the end of its present term, and that the duties of the present Board be transferred to a committee of the Corporation.

Major John M'Clure, ex-President of the Reform Association, has given notice of a counter motion, as follows:—

That this Council, whilst deplored that the action of the majority of the members of the Stockport School Board has had the effect of raising the fees for the education of the children attending the public elementary schools of the borough to an extortionate amount, thereby bringing great odium on the School Board, must protest against the Corporation having anything to do with the carrying out of the Education Act, as it would perpetuate this great injustice to the working classes of this borough.

At present, there are no Board schools in the borough, and the Independents, as a means of securing the continuance of the School Board, have offered to transfer to the Board the management of Hanover Day School, containing some five hundred children. The Board was elected in November, 1870, for three years, and any proceedings for its dissolution must be taken within six months of the completion of the term."

THIEF AND RECEIVER.

FOUR juvenile burglars, the eldest being a hardened criminal of fourteen summers, the other three being one thirteen and two eleven-year-old precocities, were brought before Mr. Serjeant Cox, last week, charged with having feloniously broken into the premises of a confectioner at Mile End, on the 6th April last, and stolen from thence a quantity of sweets, and a revolver which was valued at one pound. The last-named article of booty they sold to an ice-cream man for fourpence. A nominal sentence was passed upon the three youngest delinquents, and the eldest, who was the instigator of the offence, was punished more severely. No doubt the sweets were all the inducement to the robbery, and, perhaps, the sentence imposed by Mr. Serjeant Cox will act as deterrent to the lads in future. But what of the ice-cream man who purchased an article from a lad, to whom he knows it cannot possibly belong, for one-sixtieth part of its actual worth? Fourpence was, perhaps, a large amount to an unsophisticated boy, but the rascal who did such a capital stroke of trade by the investment of that groat, surely ought to have been one of the most severely punished parties to the whole transaction.

BREACH OF PROMISE RESOLUTION.

[COMMUNICATED.]

MR. HERSCHELL has succeeded with a resolution of very doubtful utility, despite the many and serious drawbacks to actions for breach of promise. Mr. Herschell has endeavoured to eliminate the commercial element from these actions, that is, to prevent actions of mere revenge and aggrandisement. In this respect few people will doubt the improvement over the present position of these trials, but in doing this it is probable he has also succeeded in seriously damaging the chances of that punishment which ought to follow men who wantonly trade upon the good graces of a lady who has been unwittingly ensnared and ruined. It unfortunately happens that no legal remedy exists for seduction, except a father chooses to sue for loss of services, thus being compelled to assess the value of his daughter's virtue at the price of the weekly wages of a domestic servant. Mr. Herschell made an exception of those actions in which pecuniary loss has arisen from the breach of promise of marriage. But what is this exception? He says, "actual pecuniary loss." Does this mean for money lent to the false lover? or for unnecessary dresses and other apparel bought to please him? Perhaps Mr. H. will allow the damsels's father to put in a claim for balls and parties given to the young people, which would never have been given if there had been no engagement. Besides, is it an actual pecuniary loss to a young lady if she refuses an offer from a gentleman worth £1,000 a year, because she is engaged to, and loves, one only worth £250, who eventually discards her? Now this sort of thing is a common occurrence. Of course, Mr. Herschell will have to make a declaratory clause when he brings in his proposed Bill, and if he stops Widow December from prosecuting an octogenarian for a breach of promise, and the making a pretence that her wounded and lacerated heart can only be cured by a saliotum of gold plasters, he will have accomplished something; and, still more, if he should stop those actions arising out of watering-place acquaintance, followed by a postal courtship. He may also properly interfere in cases where either of the contracting parties was discovered to have deceived the other by keeping back the knowledge of some prior delinquency; but in all those cases where the consummation of the promise is only refused because the man has not strength of mind, or is of fickle and unstable character, then the lady is justly entitled to damages by the law at the hands of a nincompoop of that character. It is unfortunately too true that many unprincipled men would make any description of promise which would secure to them the esteem and love of any lady whom they for the nonce should desire. But the prize once obtained, they would as heartlessly and ruthlessly cast her aside. These are the men who need the terrors of the Breach of Promise Act, and it is very unlikely that Parliament will release its hold upon them, nor indeed is it at all to be desired; for, a lady cast off is regarded as tainted to some extent—a lurking suspicion exists that she has been discovered to have a violent temper, or some unsupportable peculiarity. True, if friends of the engaged people can only know that the dissolution of the suit is at the instance of the lady, or in consequence of tyrannical or overbearing conduct on her part—which is undoubtedly indulged in by some young ladies under the silly idea of showing their hold and mastery over the swain who suffers—then Mr. Herschell might make the production of this testimony by the man pursued an instant and full cause of dismissal, the costs to go against the lady. Few people of middle age are to be found who have not met with cases of courtship which only appeared to be maintained because of some underlying force not expressed, but which observers knew to be the fear of the law, and it is very possible that if Mr. Herschell would insert a clause in his Bill effectually stopping all actions whatsoever—save in cases of seduction—for breach of promise of marriage where the acquaintance had not lasted six months, he would probably have gone as far as is practicable for the law to be carried with beneficial effects in this country. There is no end to the peculiarities of men's efforts to arrive at a proper arrangement of marital relations made by the peoples of various countries, from the marriage, by proxy, of strangers in the East, to the selection of both bride and bridegroom among the Moravians in our own country, but we need never expect that happiness will be largely secured by Parliamentary enactment; "incompatibility" of temper, as Charles Dickens put it, is at the bottom of most family quarrels, and until lovers and married people both resolve to undertake the mastery of their tempers when each other are concerned, the divorce and other law courts will always have a large crop of cases of domestic strife on hand.

YOUNG MEN AND POLITICS.

HERE are but few churches or chapels which do not now number among their many dependencies a M. I. A. These associations do a great deal of good. They present a field for the exercise of acquired knowledge which would otherwise be allowed to lie fallow, and give opportunities for the cultivation of latent mental ability. Many of their members who would object to join a "club," can take an active part in their affairs without any scruple; they form a centre of attraction, also, for the younger members of the congregations, and keep alive an interest in the affairs of the church which less secular means might be unable to do. The objects of these associations are generally to "promote the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare" of their members; but as the moral and religious element is but a reflection of what is heard weekly from the pulpits of the respective churches, it does not occupy so prominent a place on the programme of the associations as the intellectual. Now, "intellectual improvement" is a somewhat vague term; it covers a vast amount of subjects, from "Darwinism" to the simple biographical sketch of the "Life of Oliver Cromwell," which comes annually from the junior member. But we have noticed that from the great bulk of Mutual Improvement Associations political papers are excluded. We have never been able to see a sufficient reason for this restriction. There can be nothing heterodox in the political history of the past; there is abundant room for intellectual improvement in the discussion of the political questions of the present; and, perhaps, no other subject presents so favourable an opportunity for the cultivation of the reasoning and debating powers of the members of these associations. An eminent statesman once remarked that the British nation learned geography at the cost of war; and it may be said, with equal truth, that it has to learn truth on political creeds at the cost of taxation. Ignorance of political truth, ignorance, indeed, of the commonest facts of history, has been the parent of such a product of Jingoism and insane rashness as had well-nigh flung our country headlong to its ruin. It is also strange that few care to enlighten themselves on the commonest facts in politics. We have been surprised to find young men in connection with these Mutual Improvement Associations who were as ignorant as could well be imagined on many things which it is the duty of those who will shortly be called upon to perform the duties of a citizen to know. Therefore we think that Mutual Improvement Associations should give a greater share of their attention to these matters than they do. Political clubs, however imposing in name and appearance, are perhaps more devoted to recreation than instruction, the billiard and the smoke rooms being more demanded than the lecture-room, and consequently many people do not care to connect themselves with them. But the Mutual Improvement Association, without becoming a political association, without sacrificing any of its features, intellectual, moral, or religious, might be the means of spreading the knowledge of practical politics, enlightening its members upon political facts, and cultivating a habit of personal thought on all matters of a political character, which would render impossible such blind adhesion to party, and which would go far towards building up a political faith, personal and national, based upon enlightened conviction.

JUSTICE IN BUSINESS.

IN an address to the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Woolwich, Mr. G. J. Holyoake gave this illustration of fairness in trade: It is a real discovery that justice pays. If we are just to others they will be disposed to be just to us. See what has come upon us by being unjust to the Jews in a former age. We all know that once upon a time an English king, in order to extort money from an unfortunate son of Israel, ordered a tooth a day extracted from his mouth until he confessed where his wealth was hidden. This was very bad usage, and now it has come home to us. In our day a Jew has got into the place of the king, and extracts a tooth every day from the mouth of the English nation until it consents to reveal its treasures of its hard-earned savings to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who puts them in his war-bag. One day a tooth is pulled out in Turkey, next day another is extracted in Afghanistan, and yesterday a great molar was brutally torn out in Zululand. We are all paying now for pulling out the teeth of Israel of York. The Jew, who has the pavers in our mouth now, has no mercy upon us. This disagreeable dentistry does not pass under the name of retaliation; it is disguised under the name of Imperialism. It is not our business to discuss that at these meetings; but we may discuss taxation which comes out of it, and carries away all our savings.

A "CURRENT" TOPIC.

THE application of electricity to the breaking-in of horses is likely to come into general use. The bit is connected with a battery by means of a wire running along the reins, and thus a current of electricity can be passed into its mouth. "Shocking!" some people will exclaim; and so it is, but not in a cruel sense, it is maintained. The fact that it is not a barbarous method being assured, it is easy to see how it might be applied to many other purposes. What a sweet boon it may prove to the pig-jobber, for instance, with a dozen or so specially refractory porkers to drive home from market. Instead of turning their snouts away from home and tagging at their tails, he would merely have to attach a wire rein to each of their nose-rings, and easily and triumphantly conduct them to their styes. The restive calf and the stubborn mule might be made equally amenable to reason; whilst even policemen might find a shock or two of great use in helping them to take a kicking and frenzied drunkard to the station.

WILD FLOWERS.

A SIMPLE maid she was: her woodland home
Knew naught of worldly care or callous pride:
Content was she on pleasant days to roam
O'er meadows green, and by the brooklet's side.

Humble her faith—as humble as her tastes:
Her nature was not framed for daring deeds:
The current of her life was one which hastens
To hide itself beneath the withered weeds.

Oft in the morn, ere yet the weeping dew
Withdrew her trembling crystals from the grass,
She'd wander where the sweetest flowers grew
In many a yellow, blue, and purple mass.

There often, too, my fancy led me forth,
To learn from Nature what I most did need,
The simple truths she tells from south to north,
In every opening bud or ripening seed.

Meeting my little maid one joyous day—
A bunch of grass and violets she bore—
I said, "What simple flowers! tell me, pray,
You've pretty flowers at home; why look for more?"

She gazed at them, then, lifting up her head,
Looked meekly at me as we homewards trod,
"And why should I not care for these?" she said;
"I love wild flowers; they are the gift of God!"

YOUNG ONE-POUND-ONE.

THE New Guinea boy will not waste his New Guinea boyhood in learning. The scholar's "rank is but the Guinea's stamp," which he of the New Guinea school despises. His ambition runs, as he would phrase it, neither to the mastery "ob prose nor ob verse; quite the reverse." The New Guinea boy is naturally fond of "change," and to secure this, puts upas sprigs into his teacher's drinking water, and soon things come to such a pretty upas that the school-house is shut, and there is perpetual holiday. Looking to the alloy in the New Guinean, even when fresh from Nature's mint, it is pardonable to regard him as less human than brutal, less meriting to be called the New Guinea boy than the New Guinea Pig.

JUDICIOUS JOINTS.

THE most appropriate joint for a Military Commander would be the Flank; for a Jockey, the Saddle; for a Wrestler, the Buttock; for a Barman, the Fillet; for a Wine Merchant, the Hock; for a Drill Sergeant, the Shoulder; for a Football Player, the Shin; for 'Arry, the Aitchbone; for Our Lively Friend, the Brisk it; for Natives of the Isle of Wight, Chines; for Pngilists, Rounds and Upper Cuts; for Wigmakers, Block Ornaments; for Agriculturalists, Clods; for Racing Men, Steaks; for Bad Actors, the Sticking Piece; for Umbrella Makers, Ribs; for Stigglings, Marrow Bones; for Welshers and Crutch-stick Brigade, Legs; for Lean Matrons, Spare Ribs; Mr. Gladstone delights in Chops, whilst Lord Beaconsfield is, despite his descent, suspected of a fondness for "Gammon."

MANCHESTER AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL.

PROOF is again the attraction at the Theatre Royal, the company with few exceptions being the same as we saw the last time of its production. We cannot "praise it beyond deserving," but only say that, successful as *Proof* has hitherto been, it is now still more so, the piece being excellently mounted, and the characters well sustained. Indeed, we strongly question whether the drama in question could be materially improved in any particular.

PRINCE'S THEATRE.

Miss Emily Soldene's appearance as "Carmen" would have been far more effective if she had been supported by a more effective company. With one or two exceptions the conceptions are weak, and the interest felt in the working out of the opera, which is a picture of concentrated passion throughout its progress, is considerably alienated by the failure of some of the important impersonations. Altogether, the opera lags a little, and does not go down as well as ought to be expected, despite its capital scenic display.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

When we say that the drama now being produced here, *The Sole Survivor*, is the work of Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt, it will be readily conceived that lovers of highly-spiced sensation have a rare treat in store. An objection might be taken to the outrageously out-of-the-way character of the incidents with which it bristles, but, taken altogether, the play is a pretty fair specimen of its class. Throughout, the acting is of far more than average merit, but it would be far better if Mr. Doyle would not so greatly exaggerate his part of "Gregory Giggle." The scenery is appropriate, and all that is to be desired.

THE GAIETY.

To fall houses, Mr. W. J. Ashcroft still carries on the even tenor of his way, though this is the last week of his engagement. The same may be said of Mr. C. Murray and the redoubtable Tom Sayers, whose picturesque delineation of his father's career has been growing in favour nightly. Our old favourites, the De Vos, Leclerc, &c., quartet, will also have had their innings at the close of the week, and a most enjoyable innings it has been. Mr. Frank Egerton, the popular *comique* (who, by the way, in some of his "patter" songs verges a little too much upon the "suggestive"); Messrs. Canfield and Booker, a really good pair of American artistes; the Johnsons, and Miss Mattie Mitchell, in their "Roman Sculpture"; Miss Florence Sanger, and last, but not least, Kitty Brooke (Mrs. W. J. Ashcroft), who takes the house by storm, are the new-comers for the week, and fill up an admirable programme.

THE ALEXANDRA HALL.

This popular hall is well filled by a very appreciative audience, who never seem to tire of witnessing the effective skating of the trio, who nightly delight the audience. Madame Zulima, too, whose graceful performance we spoke of last week, is still fascinating her admirers, who appear to be almost spell-bound at her daring until the successive pistol shots, which conclude her performance, startle them into life and acclamation. The only other remnant of last week's programme is Mr. T. Purcell, who is an old and deserving favourite in Manchester. Mr. Harry Wignett, comic singer, Messrs. Folloy and O'Neil's Irish entertainment, and Mr. Ralph Edgar, another comic vocalist, vary the entertainment very agreeably with Eddie Bernard and Rebecca de Brent, and the two precocious juveniles, Harry and Nelly, find great favour with the public.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, &c.

THERE was a remarkable meeting, says a correspondent, at Lady Salisbury's reception on Saturday night. The Earl of Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone were amongst the guests, and they conversed with each other several minutes. The incident created quite a sensation in the salons of the Foreign Secretary, the two distinguished statesmen not having met for many years. The curious would like to know what they talked about.

TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC

WHERE ARE THE SPIRITUALISTS?

OUR friends the "spiritualists" are, of course, "conspicuous by their absence" when they should be of most service. In place of awakening departed spirits to smash chairs, tables, &c., and set meetings in a state of uproar, could they not lend us their aid in communicating with the spirits of departed victims of "foul" murders, with a view to assist in bringing the "reeking" hand to justice,—to wit, "The Richmond Murder," and the "Euston Square Mystery." This would be useful.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

Mr. Herschell's motion for the abolition of actions for breach of promise of marriage, excepting where actual pecuniary loss had been incurred, was carried in the House of Commons by a substantial majority. He thus addresses an aspiring youth of the Temple, with possibly some reminiscence of the air of the judge's song in "Trial by Jury."

WHEN you, my friend, are called to the Bar,
Your wit may be fresh and hearty;
You may be, as many young barristers are,
A somewhat jocular party.
But you won't, in the course of your legal journeys,
Be required to cross the water
To plead, as advised by 'cute attorneys,
For somebody's jilted daughter.

A 'cute attorney jumps with joy
When he hears a maid's confession,
And chuckles to think how he'll bully the boy,
In revenge for his retrogression.
"You'll get big damages, sure," he'll say,
And cautiously remind her
That her mother should bring her to court on the day,
And her brother stand close behind her.

No, no. You won't grow rich as the Gurneys
Through accustomed legal slaughter;
To the courts no more shall 'cute attorneys
Bring somebody's jilted daughter.
That species of extortion I
Most heartily disparage,
And mean that henceforward no judge shall try
A Breach of Promise of Marriage!

—Funny Folks.

NOTICE TO READERS.

Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth.

The Editor does not engage to return MS. unless a stamped envelope be enclosed, nor will he be responsible for their loss, as our waste-paper basket is a large one, and is consigned to the P. D. several times *per diem*. Neither can we undertake to pay for contributions unless by special arrangement.

"J. W." Cheetham.—Thanks. You will find your contribution in another column.

"J. L. M." Manchester.—Thanks for your offer. We will avail ourselves of your kindness.

"C. H. B." Broughton.—Your "caws" are welcome.

"Zoo."—The Rhine-ocerous was named from first being discovered on the banks of the Rhine.

"Aunt T."—The title is not exactly "Ginkins's Baby."

"Bee-bee."—Telegrams must be spelt telegraph-matically.

"B. Sharp."—"Dumb waiters" are generally incurable.

"Gardener."—The alpen-stock is much cultivated in Switzerland.

"Smokist."—It was an old salt who, on being asked why he put a quid into his mouth, replied, "Because I chew."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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